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RAINBOW LYRICS

BY

ENA CONSTANCE
BARRETT

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RAINBOW LYRICS

A DEDICATION

*"Deep called to Deep," and lo! a Power Divine
Bade thy pure soul sing out its love to me.
And thus these thoughts awoke, "they are not mine,
But echoes of that love swept back to Thee."*

RAINBOW --- LYRICS

BY ENA CONSTANCE BARRETT
///

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HEAVEN

*"They shall run, and not be weary ; and they shall walk,
and not faint."*

WE shall run ! Oh the exquisite joy of it !
Run swift as the deer to the mountains ;
Our eyes to the glorious dawning,
And the coming of God.

We shall run ! Oh the exquisite strength of it !
Yes, fleet as the hare through the bracken ;
We shall run with the wind in our faces,
And our naked feet to the sod.

We shall walk ! Oh the wonderful peace of it !
And know nought of sorrow or fainting,
In the quiet and the cool of the shadows
Where the birds ever sing.

We shall walk ! Oh the wonderful hope of it !
Walk with health that is perfect and splendid ;
And all shall be ours that we sought for,
In the deathless love of the King.

THE TRAIL OF DREAMS

THERE is a Trail—a Trail of sunset glory—
Stretched like a thread of gold into the
West,
Full many a dream and many a soul's sweet story
Sleep in the silent shadows of its breast ;
Sleep till the sad old Earth lays down her sceptre,
And in the last illimitable space
The great white loves that in the dusk were
hidden
Shall meet God face to face.

A PRAYER

GIVE me a song in my soul, O God,
Sweeter than bird hath sung for Thee ;
Give me a light in my soul, O God,
Brighter than sun hath shone for Thee.
Give me a faith in Thy boundless Love
To renew my song and to trim my Light,
That so through the dark of the last long night
I may bring them again to Thee.

FRIENDSHIP

LEAVE a white stone on the Trail when you
pass ;
Hide a bunch of flowers sweet in the grass ;
I shall find them when the shadows softly creep,
And all the world by love is hushed to sleep.

Leave a white thought in my soul when we part ;
Hide a bunch of memories sweet in my heart ;
I shall guard them till the shadows softly break,
And all the world by love is kissed awake.

A BOY'S SONG

FREE ! free ! free ! Oh the glory of being
free !

With the spring new-born and madly sweet,
With the great moors stretched at my eager feet,
And beyond the moors—the sea,
And beyond the sea—the strange lands,
The lands that call to me.

Strong ! strong ! strong ! Oh the glory of being
strong !

When life is a track of shining light,
With the sun by day, with the stars by night,
And above the stars—a song,
And above the song—the Godhead,
The power of right o'er wrong.

SPRING

SPRING is coming down the Trail,
Go ye out to meet her ;
Ready as the primrose pale,
With a smile to greet her.

Let the clean winds lift thy soul
From its winter sadness,—
Splendid, pure, renewed and whole,
On wings of dawning gladness.

Spring is coming down the Trail,
Tender birds are calling
Love notes in the shadow-vale,
Where the dew is falling.
Let thy heart forget its pain,
God has sent sweet showers ;
And baby souls come home again
As tinchy-winchy flowers.

Spring is coming down the Trail,
All the buds are swelling ;—
Larch so mighty, fern so frail,
God's creation telling.

Spring is coming ! Catch her song !
The joy hid in her laughter !
She is sent to make thee strong
For Heaven coming after.

KINDRED SOULS

YOU love, as I love, the winds that sweep the
hill,
The wandering silver river, the woodlands
deep and still,
The gold and crimson splendour that floods the
western sky,
The first pale star of even, the curlew's wailing
cry.

You find, as I find, the very peace of God
In Nature's vast Cathedral, where priest hath
never trod,
Where choirs of tiny voices their glad Te Deum
raise,
And Angels stoop from Heaven to join the
forest's praise.

You love, as I love, the curling mists of grey,
The highways clean and shining that steal our
hearts away ;
The orchis in the bogland, the depths of meadow-
sweet,
The sun-warmed purple heather beneath our
eager feet.

You know, as I know, the joy of being strong,
The joy to square your shoulders and face work
 with a song ;
The joy to breast the great storms that lash and
 sting and drive,
And with the mighty elements to live and laugh
 and thrive.

You have, as I have, a soul that would go free,
Where human love to love Divine is drawn by
 purity ;—
Where all is glad and shining beneath faith's
 radiant wing,
And God walks in the sunlight to hear the
 thrushes sing.

“THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY”

CHRIST came to earth to teach us to have
 Faith !
 To Hope ! for greater things were yet to be ;
Then laying His weary head on Calvary's Tree,
 He died, to teach us Perfect Charity !

COMRADESHIP

IF God should have need of you, chum,
Before He has need of me,
And you go first to the sunshine
On the other side of the sea,—
Will you come down the Trail to meet me
As you did in the long ago,
Your dear hands laden with flowers—
Because we have loved them so ?

If God should have need of me, chum,
Before He has need of you,
And I go first to the Kingdom
Where every dream comes true,—
I shall wait where the stones are gleaming
By the Ocean of Love washed white,
'Till you come out of the shadows
Into the radiant light.

NOT DEAD

To the Memory of our Warriors "who, having finished their course in Faith, do now rest from their labours."

NOT dead—
For they live as the great trees live—
All strong.

Strong—for they sheltered us ;
Strong—for they faced for us,
And feared no storm !
So now they stand—as the great trees stand—
Not dead—
Asleep—till all storms shall cease ;
Asleep—till in boundless peace
The Spring has come !

STRONG IN THE LORD

STRONG and swift has thy fighting been ;
Strong as the strong hills did ye stand ;
Swift thy feet as the north winds keen,
Warrior of my land.

Strong and swift shall thy passing be :—
Strong to the laying down thy sword,
Swift as the river meets the sea ;
Warrior, meet thy Lord.

SONG OF THE PRIMROSE

WHEN you see my petals falling one by one,
See my beauty fading when the spring is done,

Don't get feeling lonesome,—I'm just good and snug

Wrapt up for the fall time in Mother's brown earth rug.

When the winds of winter come creeping o'er the hill ;

When the laughing valley is cold, and drear, and chill,

Don't you think I'm shivering underneath the snow—

That's just an extra blanket, 'cause Father loves me so.

So just you keep on smiling, and never mind the cold,

“It's looking on the dark side that makes you mortals old ;”

There's nothing really gloomy,—there's nothing God made dead ;

So trust in Him as we trust, and raise your drooping head.

SONG OF THE LEAVES.

MERRILY, merrily, dancing down,
Some of us scarlet, some of us brown ;
Long have we clung to the tired old tree,
But now we are off where we longed to be.
At last, at last, by the loved winds blown,
Away, away, to the vast unknown.

Merrily, merrily, gleams of gold,
We ne'er were young till you called us old.
Ah ! how we watched your gladsome feet
And longed to follow you down the street.
But now, oh now, we are free ! free ! free !
And this is the life as it ought to be.

Merrily, merrily, ere we go,
A song we sing to you, soft and low ;
When you go your ways from the tired old earth
'Tis only to welcome a grand new birth.
'Tis then, 'tis then, you will wake up free !
And find out life as it ought to be !

WHEN YOU COME

I SHALL know when you come—they will
whisper it low and sweet,
These great dark pines and the mother wind
from the west,
Because you will linger awhile with reverent feet
On the carpet they wove whilst they croon
you a song of rest.

I shall know when you come, for the swallows
who journeyed far
On wings of faith speed back from the lands
of light,
Because you will welcome them home in the
gloaming hour,
And bid them nestle close through the silent
night.

I shall know when you come, for the flowers I
had mourned as dead
Will wake with joy and peep through the
tender grass,
Because you love them so and will bend your
head
In praise to God for each, as you softly pass.

TRIUMPH SONG OF THE SOUL

(In Memoriam)

THEY have made a bed in the strangers' land,

A narrow bed and deep ;

And there they have laid the dead of me down,

And left it alone to sleep.

Oh ! if only their poor, blind eyes had seen

The love-ship breast the foam,

And the stars shine out as they never had shone

When the living of me went home.

Sure, the rain may fall on the strangers' land,

And the winds sweep over the hill ;

Sure, feet may trample the seven-foot sod,

Where the dead of me lies so still ;

But the living of me's gone down the Trail

On the other side of the sea,

Where the song-birds sing in a shadowless dawn,

And the soul of a chap goes free.

A DREAM-MOTHER'S LULLABY

HUSH-A-BYE, lullaby, out of the shadow
world,

Out of the darkness, silent and lone,
I come to cradle thee, Babe of a shining world,
Babe of the dreaming hours, ever mine own.

Hush-a-bye, lullaby, deep in the mother world,
Deep in the gladness, radiant with light,
I stoop to sing to thee, Babe of another world,
Babe of an endless day, far from the night.

Hush-a-bye, lullaby, back to the shadow world,
Back to the darkness, silent and lone,
I steal away from thee, Babe of a shining world,
Babe of the dreaming hours, ever mine own.

COMING HOME

WE are coming home, what matter though—
We are wounded sore in the fray,
We are coming home in the shadow-time,
When the dew falls soft on the brae.
We are coming home—no, not to die,
Only lay down our load
Where the west wind kisses the meadow-sweet
At the bend of the old drove road.

We are coming home, what matter though—
The fight may leave its scar,
We will find a balm at the loanin' head,
In the gleam of an opal star.
We are coming home, Almighty God,
Give wings to our tired feet,
That we—ere the light goes out on the hill,
May smell the smoke of the peat.

INTO THE COUNTRY

TO-DAY we are taking the white road—
The white road that leads from the city ;
We shall go from the throb of her great
heart—

The heart of the mother of toilers.
We shall go from the night that would clutch us,
From the fierce, ceaseless race of the traffic ;
From the wailing of women and children,
From the stifling heat of the garret.

To-day we are taking the white road—
The white road that leads to the country :
We shall press scorching lips to its surface,
Kiss its dust in the madness of freedom ;
We shall find birds awake in the green hedge,
Birds whose song is of rain on the wild rose ;
We shall find the grass gold as with pale stars
Where angels have wept in their rapture.

Far ahead where the mists have enshrouded
We shall come to the places we dreamt of—
Little woods where the pigeons coo softly,
And primroses smile in the shadows ;
We shall drink long and deep of the cool streams,
Where the swift deer have drunk at the dawning,

We shall tear dripping moss from the grey stones
To wrap round our feet where they blister.
We shall kneel in the aisles of the strong pines,
In the house God has made for His worship,
And our souls shall be hushed in the still peace
“That of God which doth pass understanding.”
We shall sleep and His arms shall enfold us,
Tender arms that enfold all creation—
And the hands that were pierced with the hard nails
Like south winds steal over our temples.
And then we shall wake on the white road,
The white road that leads to the city,
That leads to the throb of her great heart,
The heart of the mother of toilers ;
That leads to the night that would clutch us,
To the fierce, ceaseless race of the traffic,
To the wailing of women and children,
To the stifling heat of the garret.
We shall wake with the scent of the wild rose
Enwrapping our souls like a mantle.
We shall wake with the cool of the clear streams
Deep hid in our souls where they thirsted :
We shall wake with life splendid around us :
And go back with a song to the toiling,
Go back with God out of the country
By the white road that leads to the city.

THE KIRKYARD ON THE BRAE

WHEN the Queen of Springtime cometh
 With the magic of her song,
 All the earth shall be rejoicing
 As she gaily trips along ;
But her voice will grow far sweeter
 When she lingers by the way,
To bid the snowdrops waken
 In the Kirkyard on the Brae.
When the Queen of Summer cometh
 There is gladness in her path,
And the woodlands deep re-echo
 With the music of her laugh ;
But her lips will softly tremble
 When she lingers by the way,
To whisper to the bluebells
 In the Kirkyard on the Brae.
When the Queen of Autumn cometh,
 Though her form be bent and old,
Yet her smile shall be as sunshine
 Turning all the woodlands gold ;
And love will make it brighter
 When she lingers by the way,

To kiss the ripening rowans
 In the Kirkyard on the Brae.
When the Queen of Winter cometh
 In her robe of spotless white,
You will hear her gently sighing
 Through the silence of the night ;
Like a tender, watchful mother,
 She will linger by the way,
And spread her sheltering mantle
 O'er the Kirkyard on the Brae.

LOOK TO THE HILLS

LOOK to the hills ! Behold them tower in
glory,
 Up to the sky from clinging mists of night ;
Look to the hills ! They tell the splendid story
How God made all things rising to the light.
Look to the hills ! How wonderful their beauty,
Touched by the dawn how pure, how fair they
 shine.
Look to the hills ! And learn from them thy
 duty,—
God made thy soul to rise to light, Divine.

SONG OF HOPE

THE white snaw, the cauld snaw,
Deep on the ground was lyin',
An' the heart o' me was weary
As I watched it softly fa' ;
For the grey clouds, the sad clouds,
Seemed to say "the earth is sighin',
That death must ever, ever,
Be the endin' o' it a'."

But the spring sun, the glad sun,
Soon in the sky is gleamin',
An' high aboon the grey clouds
A bonny bit o' blue !
The cauld snaw's a' melted,
Toots ! the earth was only dreamin',
Why ! the grass is green as ever,
An' the gowans keekin' through !

“OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY
STING ?”

HOW dark the night !
Till through grey mists of dawn
The sun shines forth
To wake the sleeping morn ;
How dark the world !
Till from glad realms above
The Saviour came
To wake our sleeping love.

How sweet to know,
When in the western skies
The sun sinks down
That it will brighter rise ;
How sweet to know,
That by God's grief and pain,
Our souls but rest,
To purer wake again !

THE LITTLE WHITE ROAD OF LIFE

DOST thou see yonder little white road, dear
friend,

As it winds o'er the mist-clad hill ?

Is it calling to thee as it calleth to me

In a voice that can never be still ?

Art thou longing to follow its shadowy breast

Far away to a land where the sun ever gleams,
Where the little white road, dipping down in the
west,

Is lost in the valley of dreams ?

There's a little white road such as this, dear friend,

Winding over the hills of time,

And the same sweet call comes to one and all :

From the youth to the man in his prime ;

How glad are our hearts at the dawning of day,

When life has but newly begun !

And we follow in search of a kingdom fair

In the light of a rising sun.

We may be impatient to find, dear friend,

But the journey through life is slow,

And they who would share of that kingdom fair

Have a weary long way to go ;

We find other souls grown old in the search,
And yet they are seeking still
For the little white road keeps winding on
O'er many and many a hill.

But we know that the eventide comes, dear friend,
When weary and longing for rest,
We will find that at last our journeyings past
We are nearing the glorious west ;
And the little white road we have followed so far
Shall fade in the shadows and cease,
As it dips gently down to the valley beyond
And is lost in the kingdom of peace.

THE POWER OF LOVE

ONCE, oh God, my heart was dark and dreary :

I never thought the sunshine was for me;
I never heard the song-birds' note so cheery—
I knew them not as messengers from Thee.
But now, oh God, the night is turned to morning,
For Thou didst give the joy of love to me ;
And lo ! with all the beauty of a rosy dawning,
One tender word has taught my heart to see.

A WORD FRAE THE BURNIE

I'M in a maist terrible hurry,
 " That ye'll ken seein' I'm tearin' along,"
 But like's ye was lookin' sair lonesome
 So I'll gie ye a bit o' a sang.
It's an affa wee loch I hae cam' frae,
 An' an affa wee burnie I be,
But, man ! I'll be somethin' tremendous
 When I win in the end tae the sea !
So tak' frae a frien' in the passin'
 A word for the guid o' yer soul :
Dinna greet though life's sma' at the startin',
 'Twill be wonderfu' big at the goal !

A RAINY DAY

THE beat of the rain may be dreary,
 The splash of the rain may be sad ;
 But out of the mists enfolding
 Shall blossom a world all glad ;
For the Giver of light and sunshine
 Is the Giver of mist and showers ;
And the healing balm of the tears of God
 Brings the joy of a million flowers.

A SONG

SING her a lullaby, croon it low,
Wind o' the west o'er the moorland steal-
ing,

Soft and sweet through the heather blow,
Touch her brow as a cool hand healing.

Shine on her tenderly, radiant stars,
Eyes of love from the far sky beaming,
Vigil keep through the night's grim hours,
Light her path to the land of dreaming.

Shelter her, shelter her, whispering pines,
Naught may she fear from the dusk till the
dawning,

Hushed in thine arms till the glad sun shines,
And earth awakes to the joy of morning !

WHEN THE PRIMROSE WAKES

WHEN the primrose wakes the woodland
 With her sunny little face,
 And the beech puts on her bridal robe
 Of shimmering emerald lace ;
When the grass is young and springing,
 Sure, our feet can never stay ;
So it's up along, and out along,
 Away, away, away !

But the rowan berries ripen,
 And the heather fades to brown,
And one by one the russet leaves
 Come softly twinkling down ;
The grey mists shroud the mountains,
 And the rivers gather foam ;
Then it's down along, and back along,
 For home, home, home !

A RAINBOW THOUGHT

LONELY and sad creeps down
The soft grey mist,—
Great wings of God to guard
The hills sun kissed.

Gently the gold leaves fall
Round my tired feet,—
Only to mind me of
Primroses sweet.

Partings and griefs have wrung
Tears from my soul,—
Only to glorify
Love's shining goal.

THE MESSAGE OF THE RAIN

MAN, you have trampled the earth,
You have caused devastation appalling ;
Yet I come with my gift of new birth,
And am silently, tenderly falling.

Man, when you trampled the sod,
You have trampled your soul in its sorrow !
Yet the soft, silent tears of your God
Shall wake it to newness to-morrow.

THE SILENT SPIRIT

AT last they lay my weary body down,
So worn and bruised with a life's long
race ;

The sweet earth opens arms all soft and brown,
And takes it gently in her close embrace.

I stand apart and see my loved ones weep,
Their tears fall silently lest even now—
They should disturb my last and deepest sleep ;
Ah ! how I long to touch the aching brow.

Would I might wipe the tears from those dear
eyes,
And bid them mourn me not as far away ;
I linger only in God's Paradise,
Until the dawning of the last bright day !

Could I but whisper softly as they go,
How wonderful, how glorious my rest !
Yet I am silent, God hath willed it so,
He shall reveal the joy He made so blest.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

THE end of the Trail is hidden ;
But we know that the end is there ;
And we know, though the mists enfold it,
That the end of the Trail is fair.

The end of the Trail is sheltered
On the breast of the silent night ;
But we know, though the darkness chokes us,
That the end of the Trail is white.

The end of the Trail is shadowed ;
But as sure as the God above,
We know, though our hearts are breaking,
That the end of the Trail is Love.

WHEN LOVE HOLDS COURT AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL

LOVE holds court on the crest of the hill,
All in the joy of the day new born,
Dewdrops shine on the daisies still,
As he rides through the rose-lit gates of
dawn ;

Far and wide o'er the waking earth
Goes forth his herald in quest of youth,
For the song he sings at the sunbeam's birth
Shall wake young hearts to the old, old, truth.

Deep in the valleys where soft mists rise,
They gather their roses wondrous sweet,
And hasten away with sparkling eyes
To lay their gifts at the great love's feet ;
Joyous they dance through the golden noon,
As only youth in its gladness will,
For they never tire of the same sweet tune
When love holds court on the crest of the hill.

I heard you ask as you passed this way,
“ Does love hold court for youth alone ?
Is he only the king of a summer's day ?
And gladness all he will stoop to own ? ”

Come close, come close, what you crave to know
Is a secret that only the tired may hear,
As music soft when the sun sinks low,
As angels' song to the mourner's ear.

But one by one in the silent night,
When only the pale stars shine above,
The old folks creep to the kingdom bright,
Where reigns a greater and purer love ;
Some of them weary and some of them sad,
Bowed down with the burden of toil and care,
But even the sorrowful learn to be glad,
For all they have longed for shall surely be
there.

They may not dance in their joy as youth,
But kneel in the silence content to wait,
Their joy has a fuller and deeper truth,
Their souls are closer to Heaven's gate.
'Tis not in the light of the glorious noon,
But deep in the peace when the world is still,
In the shadow of that which is coming soon,
That love holds court at the foot of the hill !

A K I N

WE two have shared the Springtime,
As men might share their bread ;
And mourned the first leaves withering,
As men have mourned their dead.

We two have drunk of Nature,
As men may drink of wine ;
And it is this true comradeship
That binds my soul to thine.

So thus it is together
We tread the sun-kissed Trail ;
No gold for us so precious
As clothes the Primrose pale ;
No diamonds clear and flashing
Can dim the dewdrops sheen,
No costly carpet woven
Surpass the mosses green.

The Giver of contentment
Has blessed our souls with peace—
With joy in all things simple—
That shall with years increase.
We seek no mansions splendid ;
The shadowed, silent wood—
The guardian tree's ow crooning—
To us is very good.

The flush of dawning glory,
The paling opal west,—
In these we two find everything
That breathes of home and rest ;
The bird's last trill of rapture,
The tender stars above,
And over all God's presence
To consecrate our love !

A U T U M N

GOLD and red, red and gold,
With a stray little patch of russet brown,
This is the time when the year grows old,
And the twinkling leaves come down.

Red and gold, gold and red,
Gleams of sun on the ground they lie ;
Somebody says—"these leaves are dead,"
Then glad might we be to die !

THE ETERNAL SPRING

FAITH beheld the Springtime
Long before you woke,
Before the snowdrops opened
Or the thrush's love-song broke ;
Faith beheld the Springtime
In a dreary place,
Hid within a manger
In a Baby's face !

Hope beheld the Springtime
While you sighed and pined
For the rose's splendour
And the south winds kind ;
Hope beheld the Springtime,
Full, divine, and free,
In a silent figure,
Nailed upon the Tree.

Love beheld the Springtime
While in sin and strife
You sought for joy in mammon
And trampled on your life ;
Love beheld the Springtime
Radiant through the gloom,
The greatest and the fairest,
In the conquered Tomb !

A TALE OF LOVE

IF only we might wedded be,
 Together live and die."
So spoke the love sick meadow-sweet
 Unto a bluebell shy.
"But we must ever dwell apart,
 Cruel fate has willed it so ;
Your home is by the moorland gate,
 Mine by the burn below."

The western wind was passing by
 And saw the lover's plight ;
She whispered to the meadow-sweet :
 "Come, shake your petals white,
And I will bear your scent to her,
 With every tiny breath.
Thus will she feel her lover's kiss
 And know him true till death."

THE SHADOW OF HEAVEN

HAST thou wondered, and worried, and
puzzled ;
Hast thou questioned with trembling
breath ;

Hast thou longed for an understanding
Of the life that shall follow death ?
Hast thou listened to divers stories
By many a Judas told,
Till, weary of vainly seeking,
Thou art left with a faith grown cold ?

Then tear from thine eyes that curtain
Of mystery, fear, and doubt ;
Remember the soul God gave thee—
Go, sweep it and clean it out !
Let the glorious winds blow through it,
Let the radiant sun creep in,
Let the rains, if they will, pour on it
And purify it from sin.

Then awake to the joy of living,
Heart to heart with the sweet, fresh earth !
Where the scent of the primrose greets thee
And the exquisite ferns find birth ;

Where the tiniest things are the great things,
And the simplest things are best,—
Where Angels have knelt to worship
And the Giver of all takes rest.

Look out and behold the vision !
Look out with unshadowed eyes,
On the beautiful world around thee,
On the splendour of seas and skies ;
It is then thou wilt find an answer
From the very Throne of the King,
In the strength of the shining mountains,
In the power of the lark's frail wing !

Oh ! Earth is the shadow of Heaven !
And it stretches out at thy feet,
With its treasure of singing valleys
Where the torrents and rivers meet,
With its wideness of bog and moorland,
With its shelter of oak and pine,
And the smiling face of the Father
To crown it with light divine.

No more needst thou fret and worry,
Nor question with trembling breath,
Nor seek for an understanding
Of the life that shall follow death ;
But trust, as a little child trusts,
With clear, far-seeing eyes,
For God made this world a garden
To prepare us for Paradise.

HOME ALONG

O N a sun-kissed track
With love in our pack,
We start away with a song :
For the world is sweet
When the pilgrims meet,
And comradeship makes strong.

When the track is lost
In the last stream crossed,
And the song dies out in the night,
When the sun goes west,
And we've done our best,
We'll be home along alright !

ROBIN

ROBIN'S gaein' soothwards,
Ochone ! he hears them callin'
The clear pipes, the shrill pipes,
Ayont the sunny brae.

Robin's gaein' soothwards,
Ochone ! oor tears are fallin',
But oor Robin's young and bonny,
And they need the lads to-day.

Robin's gaein' hamewards,
Ochone ! he hears them ringin'
The clear harps, the sweet harps,
Ayont the sunny brae.
Robin's gaein' hamewards,
Ach ! we're wearied for his singin',
But God needs a' puckle laddies,
So we canna haud him stay.

THE CALL OF LOVE

NOT only here is gentle spring awaking,
But o'er the Ocean wide, and full, and deep,
Her tiny limbs in new found life are
stretching,
Fair as an infant roused from faith's sweet
sleep.

Not only here the tiny buds are swelling,
And wee star-faces lifted to the blue.
Far in the West the birch is growing hazy,
And Mayflowers open, kissed by God's
clean dew.

It is not here that I would wait to greet her ;
Faith's shining wings shall bear me o'er
the foam ;—
Thy land is mine—this land is mine no longer—
For Love has in all its power called me
Home.

HYMN OF YOUTH

FATHER we thank Thee for this—
The sting of the rain on our faces,
The breath of the wind that has lifted our
souls
Aloft from the things of the world ;
Wondering, splendid, and free ! unto silent and
glorious places,
Gleaming like banners of triumph
On the summits of striving unfurled !

Father we thank Thee for this—
Though age, with a burden of sorrow,
May sadden the years stealing over our lives
When Youth with her passion has flown ;
Yet wondering, splendid, and free ! we shall rise
on the dawn of to-morrow,
The sting of the rain on our faces,
In the breath of the wind to Thy Throne !

LAND OF MY HEART'S DESIRE

THERE is a Land in the shining west,
Laid like a pearl on the Ocean's breast,
Washed by the waves that never rest,—
Land of my Heart's Desire.

There is a Land where the fierce winds blow,
Piercing its mantle of ice and snow ;
But it shall be mine, for I love it so,—
Land of my Heart's Desire.

When all the leaves of the earth are brown
Give me no laurels nor victor's crown,
Only to watch the sun go down
In the Land of my Heart's Desire.

THE WANDERER COMES HOME

ONCE all the world was alike to me,
Wherever the clean Trail led ;
There was clear starlight for the silent night
And earth for a goodly bed.

Once all the world had a charm for me,
I had vigour, and health, and strength ;
And I laughed for joy with the glee of a boy
In the fullness of life—Till at length—
I came to a dip in the great grey hills,
Where the mists went curling down,
Where the green ferns grew with the hyacinths
blue,

And the rivers with peat ran brown.
Then the wandering soul went out from me,
And the Romany heart to roam,
For I found my all where the curlews call
On the glorious moors of Home !

HOME

PURPLE Irises bending to kiss the slumber-
ing summer sea,
Fire-flowers in thousands like lamps of love
gleaming to welcome me,
Bunch-berries spread like a scarlet rug over the
bog and hill,
Call of the cow bells, sweet through the haze,
when the throb of the day is still.

Golden Fall, with her fading leaves, shall come
and the nights grow long,
Snow drifts will cover the earth's bright face, and
the birds forget their song ;
But the tender arms of the Ocean deep are hold-
ing my spirit fast,
Out of the shadows on love's white Trail I have
come to my own at last.

THE BIRTHDAY OF LOVE

PEACE on the moorland, dew upon the
heather,

Grey mist and stillness, then a radiant dawn!
Strange joy within their hearts, man and maid
together

Wondering go out to meet a love newborn.

Peace on the moorland, soft winds stir the
heather,

There at the feet of God they kneel and wait
Until he bids them—man and maid together—
Soul bound to soul, pass out through love's white
gate.

TO A POET

SING us a song all men may understand,
A song all men may be rejoiced to hear,
So that thy Poet's magic wonderland
May be revealed to all—a world to cheer.

Sing us no song of strange, unreal things,
To fill our War-tired souls with doubt and
pain ;

Sing of the sunshine on a thrush's wings,
The scent of roses 'neath the kiss of rain.

Sing us no song of drear and darksome night—
“Night howe'er dark shall end in shining
day” ;

Sing of the daisies, spotless, pure, and white,
Like love-stars gleaming by the King's
highway.

Sing of the God who gave to thee the song—
Show us creation in her purity ;
Thus if thy singing make another strong,
Surely a true disciple shalt thou be.

BRING US INTO THE WEST
TOGETHER

BRING us into the west together,
Father, after our work is done ;
Bring us back through the fading heather
Flushed rose-red by the setting sun.
Out of the strange and distant land
Bring us, oh Father, hand in hand.

Bring us into the west together,
Father, now we are young and free ;
Now we laugh at the grey mist weather,
Laugh as stars laugh down on the sea.
But when the shadows softly creep
Bring us, oh Father, home to sleep.

Bring us into the west together,
Home's the trail that is very dear ;
Youth calls outward and on forever,
Age calls home when the dusk is near.
Out of the strange and distant land
Bring us, oh Father, hand in hand.

OUR LITTLE CARAVAN PAINTED GREEN

A LILT OF THE ROAD

WE forget our weary struggles, Mother
honey,

As we jog along for ever and a day,
When we leave the sad old town, Mother honey,
For the hills like misty shadows far away.

We forget our hearts were sore, Mother honey,
With longings for the things which might
have been,

When there's just us two together, Mother
honey,

In our little Caravan painted green !

How we love the tiny window, Mother honey,
With its dainty muslin curtain snowy white,

The mat of coloured rags, Mother honey,
And the baby stove with kettles shining
bright !

There's not a sweeter home, Mother honey,
'Tis the palace of my heart and you the
queen !

Life is just a thing worth living, Mother honey,
In our little Caravan painted green !

Of course there's all the rest, Mother honey,—
The shooting-booth that's run by Uncle Joe,
The swinging-boats and stalls, Mother honey,
And the other folk that help to make the
show !

We adore them every one, Mother honey,
They are all our pals, the kindest ever seen ;
But the corner that's our own, Mother honey,
Is the little Caravan painted green !

We will go through every village, Mother honey,
Where the children stand and cheer us as we
pass ;

We will halt to earn some tin, Mother honey,
And rest upon the soft and cooling grass.
Then we'll let old Dobbin loose, Mother honey ;
He is oh so stiff and very, very lean !
But happy munching daisies, Mother honey,
Round our little Caravan painted green !

When the twilight hour has come, Mother honey,
I shall wear my little frock of faded red,
And the band of gold once yours, Mother honey,
You will bring and twist so sadly round my
head.

You will stoop and gently kiss me, Mother honey,
As I take my gaily-ribboned tambourine,
And dance before the door, Mother honey,
Of our little Caravan painted green !

How my pulses beat and throb, Mother honey,
For triumph to my soul is very sweet !
And I hold them 'neath a spell, Mother honey,—
The village crowds who gather at my feet.
Ah ! the flaring naphtha lights, Mother honey,
Wake again the thought of things which
might have been :
Dreams of fame which all have ended, Mother
honey,
In a little Caravan painted green !

But the aching pain will go, Mother honey,
When the dancing for another day is done,
When you fold your dear arms round me,
Mother honey,
And we watch the stars come slowly one by
one.
Could we ask for more than this, Mother honey,—
Grass a-sparkle with the dewdrop's silver
sheen !
God above, and we together, Mother honey,
In our little Caravan painted green !

A GOOD MAN

AS a clean fresh wind that bloweth,
So is a good man's soul,
For it comes from God and it goeth
Straight back to God as its goal—
And as the wind it shall purify,
And cleanse the earth as it passes by.

As the great stars in their splendour,
So is a good man's love ;
To the Glory of God will it render
Its all in the heights above—
And as the stars in the dark of night,
A good man's love will guide us right.

THERE SHALL BE PEACE

THERE shall be peace !
The Angel of great quiet shall fold
the earth within pale silver wings ;
No storm shall rage—no hatred—war shall cease
In rest for earthly Kings :
Then day shall dawn and doubts like mist arise,
Leaving earth radiant bathed in rosy light,
And we from sleep shall wake, and with new eyes
See all things right.

TRIUMPH SONG OF A DANCER

AH ! how I laugh, how I laugh, as I see you
there—

Men and women whose lives are apart from
mine ;

I am to you but a slave in the footlight's glare,
I who have drunk to the dregs of a dancer's
wine !

Ah ! how I laugh, how I laugh, for your souls
are dead

To that great gift which to me makes
Heaven on earth ;

But to-night you shall follow the path where joy
has led,

Into a land where a dancer's soul has birth.

Ah ! how I laugh, how I laugh, as one by one
You wake, and live as I live for a perfect
hour,

As flowers rejoice 'neath the kiss of a radiant sun
You shall rejoice 'neath the spell of a dancer's
power !

Ah ! how I laugh, how I laugh, as your eyes grow
bright

For the violins' wail, and the dance is wild
and sweet ;

I have won you at last, and out of the dull grey
night

Borne you away on the wings of a dancer's
feet.

Ah ! how I laugh, how I laugh, as you go with a
sigh,

Back to the world to toil, and perchance
forget ;

But I dance on till there breaks in a far-off sky
Another dawn, and a dancer's star has set !

YOUTH

YOUTH is eternal, passing not away
From thy glad soul ; although grown old
and grey,

Thy body frailer craves for quiet and rest ;
Youth, like the sun, sinks golden in the
west,

Only to rise more fair each bright, new day.
Youth is eternal, passing not away.

THEIR PART

WEARY feet on the dusty road,
Following on where the clear pipes
lead ;

Weary hearts with an aching load,
Borne for a country's need.

Tiny feet on the soft, cool grass,
Joyously dance to the same loved tune ;
War is a thing that will surely pass,
And daddy come home so soon !

Weary feet on the dusty road,
Following still through the grim, dark
night,
Heavier, heavier, grows the load,
Borne in the cause of right.

Out of the gloom, like music sweet,
Swept on the wind from a world apart,
Gently the echoes of tiny feet
Dance into a father's heart.

Radiant sun creeps through the mist,
Somewhere a bird awakes to song !
Brave little feet are softly kissed,
And the soul of a man made strong.

Dance, little feet, on the soft, cool grass,
 You know not now of the part you play ;
But war is a thing that will surely pass,
 And you will have won the day !

A GARDEN BEAUTIFUL

THERE is a garden beautiful
 Close, close, to God's great throne,
 Where all the tiny baby souls
 So pure and frail are grown ;
God is Himself the gardener,
 Oh ! with what tender care
He watches o'er each opening bud,
 Each blossom white and fair.

Near by to death's dark valley
 There stands its golden gate,
Where all the longing mother-hearts
 Come silently, and wait
Until that loving Gardener
 Shall call them to His feet,
And gently on each bosom lay
 A cherished flowerlet sweet.

DREAM-MOTHERS

I thought I saw a path of rainbow light
Lead upwards to the glory of the skies,
Where radiant spirits passed from out the
night,
Love : strong, triumphant, shining in their
eyes.

Each was a mother, and upon her breast
There lay a babe too frail to be of earth ;
And as they went they seemed to be so blest,
Even as Mary at the Christ-child's birth.

Beside me stood an angel wondrous fair,
Whose robe was whiter than the driven
snow ;
I spake and asked him whence they came and
where
Their journey ended, as I fain would know.

"Ah, thou would'st ask," the angel voice replied,
"From whence these spirits come who own
such bliss ;
They long have waited, long in sorrow sighed,
That they through mercy might be granted
this.

“These souls now pass from that which ye call
life,

Where their great love unknown, unsought
did'st roam ;

Now they steal softly from the night of strife,

Bringing their Dream Babes unto God and
Home.”

PASS ON !

PASS on—

For God hath willed it thus—

That thou should'st give the best of youth—

Thy might !

Therefore pass on, into the fight.

Pass on !

Pass on—

For God hath more for thee,

More than a earthly warrior's power—

The Sword.

Therefore pass on, to thy reward.

Pass on !

THE CLACHAN ON THE BRAE

THEY hae gaen awa for aye, frae the clachan
on the brae,

'Tis but a heap o' lichen covered stanes,
And a bitie fa'in' dyke where the wee lammies
play,

An' twa groset buss's stan'in' by their 'lanes.

They hae gaen awa for aye tae the big lan's owre
the seas,

An' they canna hear the lintie's sang sae
sweet ;

They canna smell the peat smoke comin' in upo'
the breeze,

Nor feel the heather spring aneath their feet.

They hae gaen awa for aye, an' sae mony suns hae
set

Since they gaed ; but still we feel 'tis sacred
groon'—

For they left their hearts ahint them when they
passed the broken yett,

An' the burnie has their greetin' in its croon.

They hae gaen awa for aye : some tae glory, some
tae shame,
But the Great Guid Shepherd leads nae man
astray ;
An' we ken that through the gloamin' He will
bring His bairnies hame,
An' big anew the clachan on the brae.

DUNKELD CATHEDRAL

GOD took a soft grey shadow,
And a gleam of light from the west,
He held them a space in the silence
Close, close to His sacred breast.
And lo ! in that Holy Presence
The light became love Divine,
And out of the soft grey shadow
God made it a spotless shrine.
He bore it to earth in the evening,
At the dawn men found it there,
Out of a shadow and gleam of light
A perfect House of Prayer.

THE JOY OF A DANCER

WOULD'ST know my joy ? Then look
to yonder tree

Standing so still, arms lifted to the sky ;
Alive—yet living not, until there comes,
With breath of life, the soft wind whispering
by.

Then at his touch each tiny limb shall stir,
Each frail leaf rustle as an Angel's wing ;
At last she wakes—rejoicing in his strength,
Content a slave—the mighty wind her King !

Thus is my joy ! I am as that still tree,
Alive—yet living not—until the hour
When breath of music bids me leap to life,
And I am his—glad slave beneath such
power.

Thus is my joy, yea even to my death
The silent tomb shall be no dancer's goal ;
I shall but rest awhile, and then awake,
With music bound forever to my soul !

FAITH

“ And he went out not knowing whither he went
 . . . for he looked for a city which hath
 foundations, whose Builder and Maker is
 God.”

SURE it's him a'singing ; singing in the sun-
 shine,
 Climbing up the steep track, where the brave
 have trod.

Sure it's him a singing, knowing not the morrow,
Only that he's seeking for the City of his God.

Sure it's him a smiling ; smiling in the starshine,
Head erect and foot firm stepping through the
 night.

Sure it's him a'smiling 'spite of all the sorrow—
Just a going onwards with his face towards the
 light.

A LILT O' THE NORTH

COME, dearie, come ! and we'll travil on
thegither,

Travil on thegither by the wee white road,
Drinkin' in the clean scents—meadow-sweet an'
heather,

Forgettin' we were weary an' bearin' sorrow's
load.

Come, dearie, come ! and we'll see the mists
arisin',

Leavin' Deuchary gleamin' like a jewel in the sun,
An' the sang birds will cheer us wie a lilt that's
fair surprisin',

An' the burnies they'll be laughin' to the day
that's new begun.

Come, dearie, come ! an' we'll hear the curlew
cryin',

An' the moor loch tae the rushes a tale o' love
will croon ;

We'll be bairnies in oor gladness till the evenin'
winds are sighin',

An' the angels licht their booets in the bonny
worl' aboon.

Then, dearie, then we'll be comin' hame thegither,
Comin' hame thegither wieoot oor sorrow load ;
For we'll lay it doon oot yonder in the meadow-
sweet an' heather—
Lay it doon an' leave it on the wee white road.

THE SOLDIER

QUICK march !

And he passes along with a song, into the fight,
Eager, and swift, and strong, clad in his might ;
He passes along with a song to honour and right.

And then—

Time's up !

And he passes away with a song, out of the fight,
Leaving the struggle, the wrong, leaving the night ;
He passes away with a song to God and the light.

Well done !

A PRAYER FOR UNITY

FORTH have they gone into one common
fight,

Strong do they stand as one for truth and
right !

As one their prayers ascend to one vast sky,
And still as one in love, in pain, they die !

And those who live, the shattered, blind, and
lame,

Oh Christ, we hang our heads in very shame ;—
Shall they who, facing death, stood heart to heart,
Come back to find us still so far apart ?

Oh Christ, who came one common world to save,
Who died to raise us from one common grave,
Teach us to know if we would be all Thine,
That where Thou art is Unity Divine.

Is not the one great love in every soul ?
Are we not striving for one common goal ?
Then let us gladly share one common load,
And seek Thy kingdom, following one road.

LOVE'S OWN DAYS

GATHER them, God, into Thine own safe
keeping—

These glad, sweet days that pass so swiftly
by ;

They are so bright, so full of peace and beauty,

They are so dear, we cannot let them die.

Gather them, God, with love's resplendent
harvest,

That, when on earth we cannot have them
more,

We may in Heaven live again each moment

From Thine unending store.

A WINTER THOUGHT

WHEN you see the snow-flakes falling,
Hiding Autumn's brown away,

When you see the world a shining

On a sunny Winter's day ;

Think of how God's love and pardon

Blots the soul's past sins from sight,

Hiding all its pain and sorrow

'Neath forgiveness pure and white !

OUR FATHER'S LOVE

SOUL of the dawning, heart of the morning,
Breath of the wind from the sea,
Scent of the flowers, cool of the showers,
Song of the thrush in the tree,
Theme of the story the hills in their glory
Are telling forever to Thee.

Guard of the sleeper, guide of the reaper,
Life of the seed in the earth,
Star of the lover, faith of the mother,
Wonder and splendour of birth,
Depth of all beauty, goal of duty,
Foundation of gladness and mirth.

Joy hid in sorrow, hope of to-morrow,
Shade from the heat of the sun,
Calm to the weary, light to the dreary,
Comfort and strength as ye run,
Pattern of sacrifice, radiance of Paradise,
Prize when the journey is done.

ALONE

ALONE she came by the woodland way,
Gathering sticks as the shadows fell ;
Why did the world seem suddenly grey,
As though with a sorrow she could not
tell ?

Was it because she saw them part—
Man and maid by the crooning burn,
And she heard him whisper—"Good-night, dear
heart,

God keep thee safe till the day return" ?
Was it because she saw them kiss
And his sheltering arms looked oh ! so
strong ?

Was it ? Oh was it because of this
Her youth died down like a finished song ?
Was it because that world of bliss,
And the exquisite wonder of love's fair
day

Had never been hers, and her soul grew old ?
"She was gathering sticks in a world of
grey."

A SONG OF CHILDHOOD

(To my Mother)

WHEN laughing day with scented breath
grown hot
Stoops down to kiss the cool, sweet breath
of night,
When soft winds stir the larches, and they drop
Long trembling arms so weary of the light ;
When crimson skies from flaming glory fade
To palest opal, and a great star gleams ;
'Tis then I brave the darkness unafraid
To meet you, mother of my childhood's dreams.

'Tis then I feel your hair of shining gold—
Frail threads of starlight touched by angel hands—
Fall on my face and softly fold and fold
Around me—as waves creeping o'er the sands ;
'Tis then I see your eyes of deepest blue,
Like those swift passing shadows on the hill,
Look into mine, and they are pure and true !
And in loved arms I lie so glad and still.

Tenderly night winds stir the tall dark trees,
Whispering love songs to the stars above,
But bending o'er me, soft as western breeze,
You croon a lullaby of Mother Love.
Pale comes the dawn across the chill grey sky,
Nature awakes to greet a newborn day ;
You hold me close, then breathe a soft good-
bye—
Mother, my own, and steal away—away !

THE LOVED TRAIL

GOD grant us this—that when our race is run,
We may come back, just once, along this
Trail,
And in the glory of the setting sun
Forget that we are frail.

God grant us this and we will be content
To pass beyond into the shadows deep,
If we but once might breathe the hyacinth's scent
Before we fall asleep.

WHEN THEY FORGET

JUST for a moment they forget,
When spring is sweet,
For somehow war-worn hearts are very young
When willed to meet :
Just for a moment life is full—
Of radiant dreams—
Of flower-strewn paths where only two may tread
By silent streams.
Just for a moment they forget
The weary road,
And then the bugle bids them wake
And take their load.
They go—remembering—but amid the fight,
When brains surge hot,
They thank their God for that blest time—on
leave—
When they forgot !

WORK-A-DAY SAINTS

THEY go their ways, not saying much,
But yet we know they understand
The comfort in the human touch,
The needed prayer, the helpful hand.

They see God's tender, radiant smile
When our world-weary sight is dim ;
Thus if we walk with them awhile,
We find we also walk with Him.

They go their ways, great love Divine
Reflected in each silent soul ;
And in their strong set faces shine
The splendours of a mighty goal.

They tread life's common dusty road,
With heated brows and weary feet ;
Yet swift to take a brother's load,
And make his way—through friendship—
sweet.

They go their ways ; and as they pass,
They bless what many would despise ;
Oft kneel to kiss the cool, soft grass,
With rapture deep within their eyes.

When life is done, on faith's white wings
Their brave, glad souls shall lifted be,
Up to a Heaven of simple things,
And peace in perfect charity.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

I OFTEN wonder why it is that we should
long to die,
To rest for everlasting in a land beyond a sky;
We think we can't be happy without golden
crowns to wear,
And waste our lives in envy of the saints in
raiment fair.

Now, if only we would look around this lovely
world instead,
And not be always sorrowful and wishing we were
dead,
But try to make a Heaven of our little bit of
earth,
By handing round some cheerfulness, some sym-
pathy and mirth.

What a jolly place the world would be if we just
made it so,
Instead of standing singing of this wilderness of
woe,
If we only saw the gladness and the loveliness of
life,
There would be no time for groaning as we toil
amid the strife.

If we live to make folks happy and aye keep our
flag unfurled,
And always wear our cheery side turned out
towards the world,
Then when our day is ended, we can still afford
to smile,
For though we sleep, we wake again in just a
little while !

HIS MOTHER

I ONLY gave him birth,
Not mine his soul ;
Yea 'twas a blessed part,
But not the whole.
Therefore, my work being done,
Love's path being trod,
I give my splendid son
Back to his God.

OUR LITTLE SHIPS OF LOVE

IF we want to make use of our lives, dear,
Don't let us sit down with a sigh,
And wait for a chance to do good in the world
While the chances are passing us by ;
Don't let us be living in dreams, dear,
Just wasting a beautiful day,
While we each have a stout little Vessel of Love
At anchor in Sympathy Bay.

Now let us start working at once, dear,
And hasten with all we possess,
Load up our vessels with heavenly thoughts—
Faith, beauty, and tenderness ;
Then, ship-ahoy ! and away, dear,
Out over the sea of life,
Taking the message of hope to souls
Still darkened by sin and strife.

Though there's many a storm to face, dear,
There's never a storm too strong,
If we bravely go on from port to port,
With a word of cheer and a song.

Then when the sun sinks low, dear,
And the work of our life must cease,
We can turn the helm with joyful heart
Towards the harbour of Perfect Peace.

Oh ! sweet is the gladness of morn, dear,
When out from the night of sin,
On a sea made calm by the word of God,
The Ships of Love come in.
When the shadows of death are past, dear,
And still is the angry foam,
The Saviour will wait on that far-off shore
To welcome His toilers home.

TO A FRIEND

GOD brought us close together
In the gladness of the Spring,
When to tread life's flower-strewn pathway
Seemed to us an easy thing ;

For we only saw the roses,
Not the thorns which time might bring,—
Life was a golden dawning then,
A song for joy to sing.

And now it is the Summer,
Hand in hand we journey on ;
We have found the pathway thorny
And oft it seemeth long.

But yet we have the roses,
And a little time for song ;
God brought us close together,
That through love we might be strong.

When the Summer time is over,
And you and I are old,
When Autumn's last fair sunset
Turns our pathway into gold,—
God grant that in the gloaming,
When the shadows round us fold,
When we part to tread the valley,
We may still love's roses hold.

“HE GATHERETH HIS OWN”

IF a man who has worked in his garden
In the glare and the heat of the sun,
Hoeing, and digging, and raking,
Should rest when his labour is done :
And walk in the peace of the evening
To gather its beautiful flowers,
Would we say he was robbing his neighbour
Or gathering that which was ours ?

Nay ! then why when the Saviour who toileth
In His garden so wondrous fair,
“The Saviour all loving and gentle,
Who tends every plant with such care,”
Comes to walk in the peace of the evening
To gather His beautiful flowers,
Do we say in our sorrow of parting
He gathereth that which is ours ?

THE MOOR LOCH

WE will dream of it together,
In the time of dead brown heather,
When it smiles a stretch of radiant blue
 Beneath a sunny sky ;
When the earth is just awaking,
When the breeze the birches shaking,
We will share the joy of Heaven
 In its beauty, You and I.

We will dream of it together,
In the time of purple heather,
When the rushes kiss its gentle breast
 Beneath a slumbering sky ;
When the distant hills grow hazy,
And the bees are humming lazy,
We will share the peace of Heaven
 In its beauty, You and I.

We will dream of it together,
In the time of fading heather,
When it lies, a flood of golden mist
 Beneath an opal sky ;

When the curlew's softly calling,
And the evening shadows falling,
We will share the light of Heaven
In its beauty, You and I.

We will dream of it together,
When the snow is on the heather,
And it sleeps, a sheet of silent ice,
Beneath a dull grey sky ;
When the wind a dirge is sighing,
And the great dark pines replying,
We will share the love of Heaven
In its beauty, You and I.

THE MOTHERS

SOME rest in silent gladness
Beneath the soft, sweet grass—
They hear no sound of battle,
Nor see the soldiers pass ;
Their gentle lips are smiling,
As ere the sun went down
They smiled in deathless rapture
On curls of gold and brown.

And some are toiling onwards
Along the dusty road,
They know the earth war-weary,
And bear the battle's load ;
But yet their eyes are shining,
For in the opal west
They see those silent pastures
Where God shall bid them rest.

Rest till the strife is ended ;
Rest till the fight shall cease ;
Till pure, and fresh, and holy,
The earth is bathed in peace ;

Rest till the dawn shall herald
 The Resurrection Day,
When through the singing valleys
 The King comes on His way.

Then shall they go to meet Him—
 Those Mothers of the brave,—
To meet the Master Reaper,
 Where golden harvests wave ;
For God shall wield the sickle,
 Where the sunbeams softly dance,
And the Mothers shall be gleaners
 In the harvest fields of France.

A DIRGE OF THE NIGHT

THROUGH the clinging mist and the darkness,

Through the biting lash of the rain,
Comes the mournful cry of the wild geese,
The startled cry of pain.

Going they know not whither,
Fearful of death they flee,
For the rocks, their home, their haven,
Rise out of a blood-red sea !

And low o'er the silent rivers
The sobbing gulls seek rest ;
No peace they find on the white cliffs,
No peace on the ocean's breast.

Only the pitying star-shine
Where once our ships sailed free,
Till, with a ghastly shudder,
They sank in a blood-red sea !

Oh ! the wailing sigh of the chill wind
Is a dirge for the wandering souls
Awake in the night's grim terror
In quest of their own dread goals ;

Spirits of men we had trusted,
Stained for Eternity
With the blood of the weak, the powerless,
The blood that has stained the sea !

IN MY LITTLE LOW-ROOFED ROOM

SO many there be who have lived and died
In my little low-roofed room ;
And they come to me when the light is out,
Through the silent and wistful gloom.
Softly they tread,—no cold, white ghosts,—
But human, just as they were :
Gentle, and winsome, and lady-like,
With their laces and lavender.

So many there be who have sung and danced
In my little low-roofed room,
And I hear their song when the shadows fall,
Bird-sweet through the kindly gloom ;—
Notes of the quaint old harpsichord,
And measures of by-gone days :
Dainty and fresh as the wind from the west,
Kissing the sun-lit braes.

So many there be who have loved and wed
In my little low-roofed room ;
And I see the glory of love-lit eyes
Through the tender and sacred gloom.
I can hear the throb of a heart aflame,
And the still, tired sound of tears.
God bless you, my little low-roofed room,
And your visions of long dead years.

“LITTLE SON”

A War-Mother's Cradle Song

GOD gave thee unto me, little son,
When the radiance of my life, my very all,
The father who was thine, little son,
Went in answer to a great and noble call ;
Ye lay upon my breast, little son,
As I listened for his footsteps in the night,
But they only sent a message, little son,
“He had fallen in the thickest of the fight.”

We are all alone to-day, little son,
Alone to face the battle of the years,
But he left us with a smile, little son,
We must never blot that memory with tears.
We must journey, thou and I, little son,
On the road so many weary feet will tread,
Where hearts have gone before, little son,
To await the resurrection with their dead.

We will seek, and we will find him, little son,
In that wonderland of love beyond the grave,
Where with toil and pain forgotten, little son,
He will rest among the noble and the brave.

We must fight as he has fought, little son,
Fearing God and looking ever to the dawn,
To be fit to meet him there, little son,
In the glory of that perfect Easter morn !

A LOVE SONG

I HEAR thee speak, dear heart,
When the gentle wind is sighing
A lullaby, so tender, as the sun sinks down to
rest,
Low, soft, and strangely sweet like angels' songs
undying,
Far, far beyond, 'midst all the shining
west.

I see thee smile, dear heart,
When the sad skies cease their weeping,
When calm and hushed and lovely lies the sun-
kissed sea,
When Heaven's rainbow wakes the hope in each
heart sleeping,—
Like this, yet far more holy,
Is the smile God gave to thee.

FROM THE GIVING OF MAN'S LIFE

WHEN the great war, spent and weary,
Long has sheathed her cruel sword ;
When all conquerors of battle
Have gone forth to meet their Lord ;
When glad years of light and sunshine
Feed and warm the barren earth ;
When in fairness, peace and plenty,
Spring a newer race to birth,—
'Twill be then they tell our story,
When the sunset stains the sky,—
Tell of what their fathers suffered,
Choosing man for man to die !
Tell of glory, pure and deathless,
Boundless, mighty, as the sea !
Tell of glory, great, triumphant !
Splendid to eternity !
And the souls of those who hear it,
They shall burn with righteous fire ;
Theirs the strength of fresh young manhood—
Strength that knows not battle tire !
Theirs to reap great fields of harvest
We have sown with seeds of red !
Theirs to sing of love and laughter

Where we mourn our noble dead !
Yet these reapers shall be stronger
In the power of those who sow ;
And the harvest shall be whiter
For the love that men can show.
And the new song shall be higher,
Echoing from the battle strife,
For that race shall take its honour
From the giving of man's life.

SACRIFICE

WHITE flowers will grow where wounded
feet have trod,—

White flowers to cheer us on our way to
God ;

Pale stars will shine where blinded eyes found
sight,—

Pale stars to guide us through the dark-
some night.

No need to tell love's splendid sacrifice,

White souls smile back to us from
Paradise ;

Thus dark clouds break, hope's rainbow spans the
sky,

They have passed on to life, too white to
die.

THE LITTLE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

I OFTEN have a longing (some might call it
just a craze),

For doing something wonderful and winning
public praise,

Perchance to paint a picture, to write a book or
two,

Or work some fine embroidery, in shades of pink
and blue !

So I sit me down to ponder in a cosy little nook,
As to whether 'twill be painting, embroidery, or
book ;

But when I start a-building lovely castles in the
air,

A tiny voice inside me questions—"Anybody
there ?

Have you washed up all the dishes ? Have you
scrubbed out all the pans ?

Have you swept the floor quite tidy, and polished
all the cans ?

Oh, Susan Jane Sophia, it grieves me much to
state,

You will never shine in public till you've learnt
to wash a plate ! "

FEAR YE NOT

FEAR ye not the birds of hate
Flying through the dreary night ;
In the hands of God thy fate,
Can ye dare to doubt His might ?
Can they kill the souls of men—
Weapons of poor earthly Kings ?
Nay, their power is ended when
Angels spread their silent wings.

When the stars shine pale above,
Fear ye not to fall asleep ;
Unseen hosts of peace and love,
Tenderly their watch will keep.
Should the cruel hand of pain
Bid thee make the sacrifice,
Thine to join the splendid slain,
In the light of Paradise.

War may murder human flesh ;
Ye may mourn the brave as dead ;
Yet their souls shall spring afresh
From the soil their blood made red.
Man may still his brother slay ;
Earth be torn and tossed in strife ;
Fear ye not ! death cannot stay
The armies of Eternal life !

THE LEGEND OF THE GLOW-WORM

Written on reading the Story of the Legend in
"The Scottish Standard Bearer."

ON the first glad Christmas Eve all the earth
lay dark and dreary,

In a stable mean and bare, sheltered Mary
weary ;

Ox and ass bowed meekly down, they knew their
King and Master,

Close they came their warmth to give while the
storm raged faster.

Gentle doves came fluttering by : heard the
Infant's crying,

Spread their soft wings round to shield from the
night wind's sighing ;

Also crept an insect small, least of these and
lowly,

Was there naught that it might do to warm the
Saviour Holy ?

Yes, it found a tiny flower, and with no thought
of danger,

Bravely dragged it till at last 'twas laid within the
manger ;

The Christ-child, who had watched its toil, seen
it onward pressing,
Gently on the insect laid His tiny hand in blessing.

And lo ! there shone all glad and fair a ray of
moonlight tender,
Fell upon that creature meek the thanks of
Heaven to render ;
And from that time for evermore the glow-worm's
lamp of gladness
Has warmed some corner of God's earth where
all was dark and sadness !

'Tis but a legend simply told, yet all who read
this story
May know there is no deed too small to please
the King of Glory ;
Then do your little works of love, "*God needs not
great things only,*"
Just shine as glow-worms through the night to
cheer the sad and lonely !

SPRING IN BAY OF ISLANDS (Nfld.)

ONLY a few, swift passing hours ago
The ice held fast and strong within the
Bay ;

Our beauteous land slept silent 'neath the snow ;
The winds were bitter, and the skies were grey.
But now—like one great turquoise—spreads
the sea,

And white gulls, with the sunlight on their wings,
Circle above it full of rapturous glee ;
Whilst on the fir-clad rocks a robin sings.

Soon the free'd schooners, with their gleaming
sails,

Will make their stately way into the West ;
And we will tread again the old loved trails,
To seek the Mayflower on the bog's soft breast.
Kissed by the sun, and gentle southern breeze,
The barren earth will bring forth bounteous store ;
Fair bridal veils of green will deck the trees,
And birds will woo, and mate, and build once more.

We stand bareheaded, breathless with delight,
Before a scene so full of God's great power ;
His hand alone, out from the Winter's night,
Wrought the vast splendour of this first Spring
hour.

Surely, with eyes of faith, we now can see
Through this glad sight that yet more perfect
 Spring,
When all the ships of life—from death set free—
With flowing sails ride out to meet the King.

AN ANGEL ON EARTH

WHY is her smile so sad and yet
 As bright as the gleaming sun ?
Because she hath smiled with a breaking
 heart
To comfort some other one !

Why is her voice a-tremble with tears
 Yet sweet as an angel's song ?
Because she did sing 'neath a burden of pain
 To make other sufferers strong !

Why is her love as a sanctuary
 For the weary, the sick, the sad ?
Because God hath made her an angel on earth
 That many might be made glad !

WINTER TIME IN CURLING (Nfld.)

WINTER time in Curling. See the snow-
flakes whirling ;
Silent now the music of the breaking of
the waves.

God has spread His mantle of infinite protection,
Deep around the little shacks, and deep upon the
graves.

Winter time in Curling. See the sparks are
twirling

Up into the star-shine from the spruce logs cheery
glow ;

Cosy is the fireside, friendly is the window :
There's a welcome for the stranger whilst the
tempests beat and blow.

Winter time in Curling. Angry storms are hurl-
ing

Their fiercest strength upon us from icy seas afar ;
But ruddy health is beaming in the faces of the
children,—

'Tis breasting zero weather makes our people
what they are.

Winter time in Curling. See the drifts are
 swirling
Up around and in around, but yet the sun rides
 high ;
And while our hands are freezing, God is making
 flowers in Heaven,
And we'll find them here in Curling in the
 twinkling of an eye.

GIVE US A GOLDEN AUTUMN, LORD

GIVE us a golden autumn, Lord,
 The spring of life is sweet,
 And the summer time is a happy time
 For youth with dancing feet ;
But when the russet wings of age
 Fold round the soul going west—
Give us a golden autumn, Lord,
 A season of great rest.

Give us a golden autumn, Lord,
 A Harvest-home of light,
For the autumn time is the waiting time
 Till the soul must face the night.
Give us an evensong of joy,
 A shade of life to be,—
Give us a golden autumn, Lord,
 When we come near to Thee.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS

(An Easter Hymn)

LIFT up your hearts ! The dawn to the
Eastward is breaking !

Lift up your hearts ! See the gold that is
piercing the grey ;
And the world to a Spring that is splendid with
hope is awaking,
For Jesus has risen to-day !

Lift up your hearts ! Forget all the grief and
repining ;

Lift up your hearts ! all the shadows of night
fade away ;

And high in the heavens the sun in its glory is
shining,

For Jesus has risen to-day !

Lift up your hearts ! The joy-bells of Easter are
ringing !

Lift up your hearts ! and rejoice in their wonder-
ful lay.

Why ! the whole of creation an anthem of glad-
ness is singing,

For Jesus has risen to-day !

Lift up your hearts ! sweet flowers in the wood-
lands are peeping ;
Lift up your hearts ! there is life that no winter
can slay !
And the dear ones we lost are not dead—only
peacefully sleeping,—
For Jesus has risen to-day !

Lift up your hearts ! no more to be heavy with
sorrow ;
Lift up your hearts ! for death has been vanquished
for aye !
And we shall arise in the beauty of Heaven to-
morrow,
For Jesus has risen to-day !

OUR LITTLE GREEN TRAIL

THERE'S a little green trail running westward—

Just as dear a wee trail as you'll meet ;
Sure the primroses there are the fairest
That you ever found blessing your feet.
God Himself, on the first golden even,
Passed along with delight in His eyes ;
And the angel of love stooped to kiss it
When the first star was wooing the skies.

There's a little green trail running westward—
Thank God we are both going West,—
How we love it, its gleam and its shadow,
And its wonderful silence and rest.
Though we wander afar in the noontide,
We'll be back when we're weary and frail ;
We'll come into our last flaming sunset,
Hand in hand down our Little Green
Trail.

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